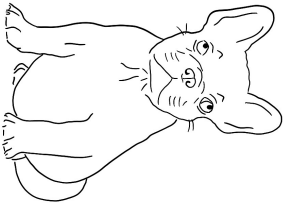


"It's about rediscovering the joy of the seemingly mundane."

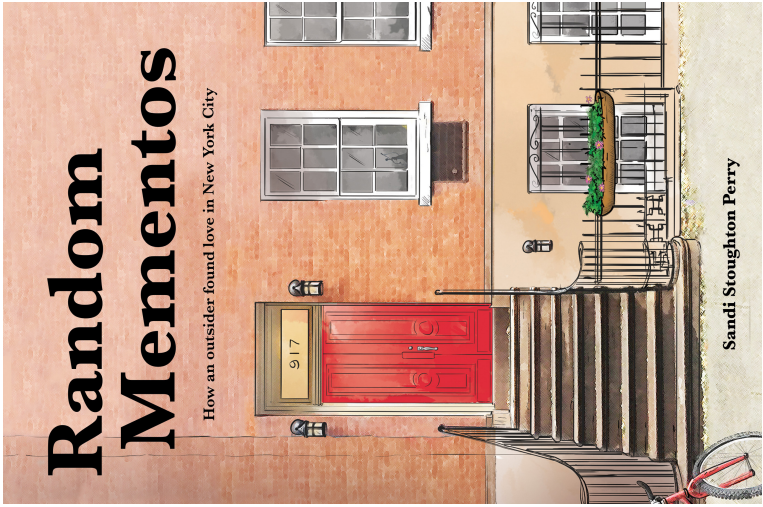


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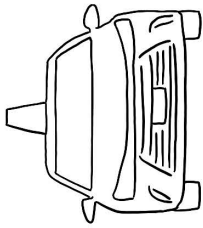
I've heard people wonder about why she would still live in the place where her husband was murdered. I glance across the cab to see the entrance to Strawberry Fields, and I understand why. #



I tilted my head back and watched the street numbers pass by. 72nd, I don't even have to see the street sign to know where we are. The familiar architecture of the Dakota greets me. I crane my neck to look up. I have never caught a glimpse of Yoko Ono, but I know she's there.



Please enjoy this small taste of "Random Mementos" by Sandi Stoughton Perry



In this captivating stream-of-consciousness memoir, the author takes readers on a personal journey of discovery and self-reflection through the bustling streets of New York City.

A full day has come and gone. I tell myself I want to go to bed at a decent hour, but every cell in my body laughs at that, and I know I will listen to the city until 3 a.m. I can question my productivity, but I choose not to. #

I love knowing this city.
But I realize I hardly know it. If that makes any sense. I could live here one hundred years and learn something new about it every day. #

The last time I was here was in 1982. It was during the day. Then, a hot summer wind greeted us as we pushed open the doors to a crowd of tourists.

Tonight, the temperature was just above freezing. Clear skies. Light breeze.

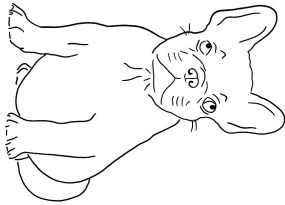
And only a handful of people to share the view. I felt as if I had scored a backstage pass to my favorite band. The city was mine. #

"It's about rediscovering the joy of the seemingly mundane."



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I assume the fireflies have given up, since there's really no such thing as total darkness here. But I appreciate their effort in lieu of stars. My spirit will joyfully spend eternity haunting every inch of this city. #



Oh, how I love living on level B. High enough to be entertained by the street activity below, but not so high that I must trudge up three more flights of stairs. And not so low that I must do yardwork. I smile and wave at my neighbor in appreciation for the beautiful flowers he has planted. #

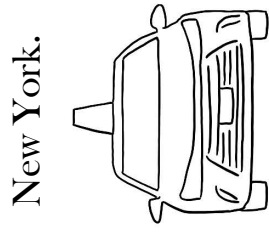
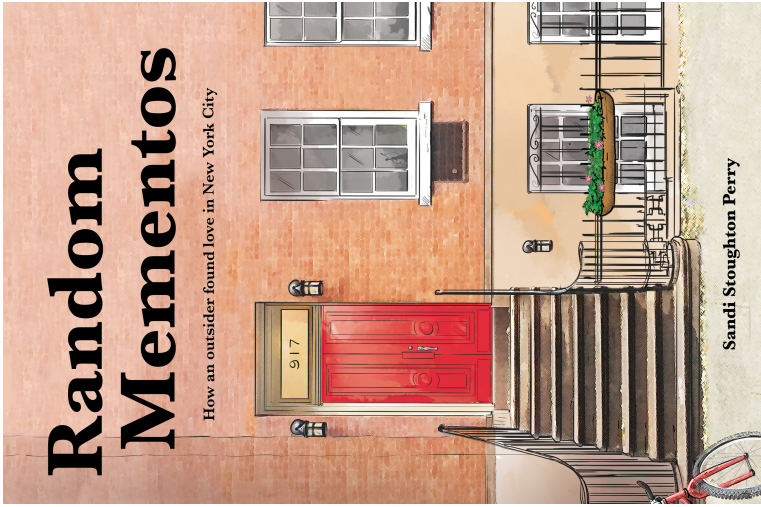
Thirty seconds of calculations and I'm distracted by the sound of a helicopter flying overhead, and another siren, and laughter from the deck below, and the smell of barbecue and cigarettes... and a bird flies by, and some children begin to play... What was I doing? Doesn't even matter. I am happy in this moment. #

I sit with you on the deck and gaze across at the twelve-story apartment building that is filterered by an equally tall oak tree. I look beyond that to the other buildings, and I try to do the math in my head... how many people live on this block alone?

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"It's about rediscovering the joy of the seemingly mundane."



With vivid, unfiltered observations and raw emotion, the book reveals how the city's energy, diversity, and unexpected beauty ignite a deep, transformative love of New York.

Please enjoy this small taste of "Random Mementos" by Sandi Stoughton Perry

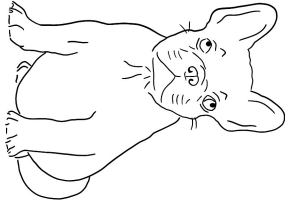
A full day has come and gone. I tell myself I want to go to bed at a decent hour, but every cell in my body laughs at that, and I know I will listen to the city until 3 a.m. I can question my productivity, but I choose not to. #

"It's about rediscovering the joy of the seemingly mundane."

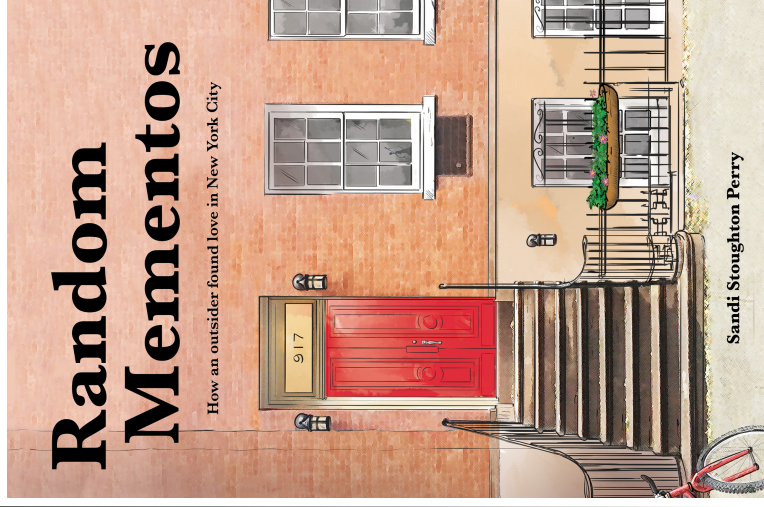


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I want to click the heels of my dirty New York City shoes three times and open my eyes to find I am back on the stoop on 21st street, sipping wine and watching the world walk by... #

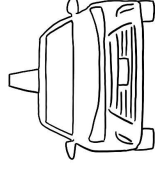


Thank you for all your gardens. Your flowers and sidewalks and trees. Your tunnels and bridges. Oh, the bridges! And have I mentioned your bricks? Your stones? Your arches and your architecture! I can't get enough of your lintels, cornices, pediments, pilasters, and turrets. The words alone are poetry to me. #



The voices were talking, yelling, singing, laughing. The music came from speakers in the plaza, live musicians, car stereoes, and radios on bicycles. The sirens were both near and far. Some of them wailing and some of them "whoop-whooping" to get through congested traffic. I wanted to stretch out on this cool edge of marble and stay like this forever. #

Through intimate recollections and spontaneous musings, this non-fiction work captures the soul of New York while charting the author's evolving connection to a place that becomes both muse and mirror.

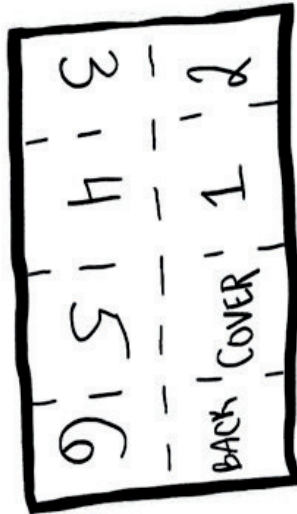


Please enjoy this small taste of "Random Mementos" by Sandi Stoughton Perry

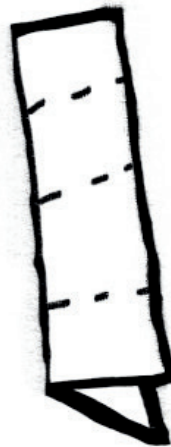
You have introduced me to new sights and sounds and flavor and smells. You let me have my space while always making sure I am never alone. You are so comfortable with everyone. Anyone. No prejudice. No bias. Just acceptance. #

Suddenly, I was paying attention to the sounds of New York City. What was normally "white noise" became divided tracks of water, voices, music, brakes, horns, and sirens. I took a deep breath and tried to separate them even more.

HOW TO FOLD A mini ZINE



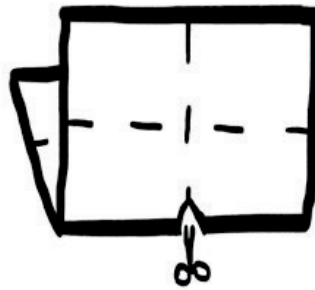
UNFOLD AND CHECK
YOUR LAYOUT



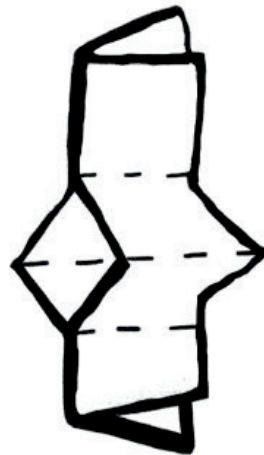
FOLD HOTDOG AGAIN



FOLD HOTDOG STYLE



FOLD HAMBURGER
AND CUT THE MIDDLE
TWO PANELS



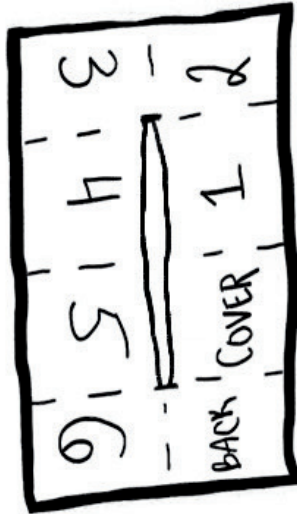
POP THE CENTER
PANELS APART LIKE "BAOW!"



FOLD HAMBURGER
STYLE



FOLD HAMBURGER
AGAIN



UNFOLD AGAIN,
YOU SHOULD HAVE A HOLE
IN THE CENTER



FOLD IT UP
AND OMG YOU
HAVE A MINI ZINE!